

THE THREE VOICES

WHEN the fire sinks flame by flame
And the shadows, Dear, grow long,
Shall I turn for praise or blame
To the Brazen-Throated Throng?

When the last poor deed is done,
Shall I look, O Good and True,
To the old friends one by one,
The Silver-Throated Few?

Nay, all that I strove to do,
However it end, was done
For You and the love of You,
The Golden-Throated One!